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THE PYRENEES.



THE PIC DU MIDI OF PAU, IN THE LOWER PYRENEES.

THE Pyrenees are that chain of mountains which divide the Spanish peninsula from France, and which extend from the Cap de Creus, near Rosas, upon the shores of the Mediterranean, to the point of Figuiet, near Fontarabia, on the bay of Biscay.

It is almost generally supposed that the Pyrenees are an isolated chain of mountains, from the circumstance of their extremities dropping into the sea; but, a glance at the maps of France or Spain will show that the Pyrenees form but a part of the system of the mountains of the two countries. In short, the Pyrenees appear to be attached, on the east, to the great chain of the Alps, by the Montagne Noire, and the Cévennes; and to the west, long before they dip into the ocean, at the point of Figuiet, they stretch away to Cape Ortegal, in Galicia; so that, their apparent termination at the point of Figuiet, is merely that of a lateral branch, which detaches itself from the principal chain

at the head of the valley of the Bastan. In like manner, their junction with the Montagne Noire and the Cévennes is effected by means of another lateral chain, which branches off to the east of the valley of the Teta, in the French Cerdagne.

Excepting in a few instances, the boundaries of the two countries are fixed by the course of the waters from the summits of the central ridge; the land to the north of the division of the streams belonging to France, and that on the south appertaining to Spain.

The French departments situated upon the frontier with Spain are, beginning on the east, those of the Pyrenees Orientales, the Ariège, the Haute Garonne, the Hautes Pyrenees, and the Basses Pyrenees. The Spanish provinces adjoining the Pyrenees are, Catalonia, Arragon, Haute Navarre, and Biscay.

The length of the Pyrenees, from east to west, is about two hundred miles; and their

breadth very varied. It is greater in the centre than towards the extremities of the chain, but may throughout be averaged at sixty miles.

The Pyrenees may be seen from some points for more than 150 miles. Their appearance is extremely imposing: they seem to form one single mountain, increasing in height towards the east, but broken into summits of various forms and characters. But the aspect of the mountains varies with the atmosphere, the hour of the day, and the season. There are many days, however, throughout the year, when the purity of the air will admit of all the summits being seen which are visible from Toulouse. It is early in spring, or late in autumn, that this magnificent sight is to be most perfectly enjoyed, the most favourable hours being just after sunrise and before sunset; when the sky is more free from vapours, the outline of the mountains better defined, and their shades more deeply marked. During the prevalence of the west and north winds, the Pyrenees are generally shrouded in mists, particularly towards their eastern extremities.

The Spanish slopes of the Pyrenees are the most steep and rapid. Almost the whole of the French valleys either gradually ascend to the central ridge, or by a succession of basins. Most of the valleys present a succession of basins, elevated above each other, and joined by deep and narrow ravines, rapid plains or slopes of rock so steep that rivers dashing over them form cataracts from the basin above to that beneath. The basins in the upper districts of the valleys frequently contain lakes; and when these are found at such heights as to be surrounded by glaciers and perpetual snows, they are generally covered with ice throughout the year. It is very difficult to determine the region of perpetual snow, in the Pyrenees. Ramond has fixed it at 1,350 or 1,400 toises;* but there are many mountains of much greater altitude, whose summits during a part of the season are void of snow. The Pic du Midi of Bigorre, for instance, exceeds in height Ramond's region of perpetual snow, by at least 100 toises; and the snow leaves it in the month of August.

The climate of the two extremities of the Pyrenees is much warmer than that of their central districts. Their proximity to the sea, their comparatively slight elevation above the level of the ocean, and their distance from the great mountains, are the principal causes of the difference of temperature. The eastern extremity is again much warmer than the western, on account of its more southern situation. In Roussillon, we find the olive growing in luxuriance, and many other plants which are not to be met with elsewhere in the Pyrenees.

* A toise is about 6 ft. 4 in. English measure.

Except in the high valleys, the climate is mild in the districts bordering on the Pyrenees. The winter is short, the cold by no means severe, and the snow which falls, very rarely remains beyond a day or two in the lower valleys. The summers are very warm, and thunder storms are frequent; but the rains which accompany them greatly cool the atmosphere. In such a climate, vegetation luxuriates: the fertility of the Pyrenean valleys is perhaps unequalled in the world, although their exquisite beauties are far too little known.

The Pyrenees abound in mineral springs, many of which have acquired great celebrity for their medicinal properties. All the most frequented of these springs are under the superintendence of the government, and great impartiality is observed in their administration, else the demand would often exceed the supply of water.

Every *pic* or point, glacier, valley, and spring of the Pyrenean region has its distinctive name. Thus, the magnificent peak represented in our Engraving is named the *Pic du Midi de Pau*, from its contiguity to the town of Pau, in the Lower Pyrenees.

Pau is not only interesting from its frequent mention in the earliest periods of European history, and the position which its counts, and princes, and kings have held among the potentates of the Continent, and the early institution of a limited monarchical form of government; but, from its situation in one of the most abundant countries in the world; in one of the finest climates; its environs presenting all the loveliness of vine-clad hills and sunny dales, green meadows, fertile fields, gardens, copses and orchards. These attractions have, for many years, rendered Pau a favourite place of exile for those English who fly to a genial climate in pursuit of health, or to economize, where provisions are cheap and excellent: and no other town of the south can be compared with Pau for these advantages. As a place of residence, however, it lacks comfortable houses, such as are at Tours, and other towns in France, where the English colonize themselves. The streets too, are narrow, and mostly very dirty.

The purity of the mountain air around the town is, however, delightful; and one section of the town is far superior in comfort and appearance to the rest. According to a recent tourist,* "this is the south side of the Rue Royale, which is built upon the edge of the terrace above the Gave. There there is less noise and bustle; and the purest air and the most splendid view to the south, east, and

* The Hon. James Erskine Murray in "A Summer in the Pyrenees." (just published,) a delightful work, written with all the enthusiasm of an adorer of nature in her triumphs of the sublime and beautiful. To this valuable source are we indebted for the above details. The Engraving is from a cleverly executed Parisian lithograph.

west that can be imagined. Below is the extensive and wooded plain of the Gave, broad and open to the east and west, where the windings of the river are traced and lost in the distance, but narrowed and contracted to a mile in breadth opposite to the town by the numerous, low hills which, running out laterally from the mountains, and divided into numberless small valleys, ravines, and dells, resemble a succession of mighty buttresses, intended as a support for the great mountains behind them. These hills, checkered with copses, and the vineyards from which the red and white wines of Jurançon are produced, and adorned with country houses,—border the noble plains beneath. Higher and more distant hills succeed them; and above the whole is seen one long-continued range of summits, of most fantastic forms, from the Pic du Midi de Bigorre,—forming a promontory on the east,—to the inferior mountains which, beyond the valley d'Aspe, gradually decrease in height as they approach the ocean. Among the most distant summits to the east may be distinguished the glaciers of the Neuville and the Vigne-male, sparkling in the sun; and, at the head of the valley d'Ossau, which opens immediately to the south of Pau, the Pic de Gers, the masses of the Eaux Bonnes, and the gigantic fork of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, the most picturesque-looking of all the Pyrenean mountains, are conspicuous in the outline of this magnificent and unequalled amphitheatre."

The same writer, charmed with the picturesque scenery of this country, thus impassionedly describes Gabas, the last village upon the French side of the mountains, and situated at the base of the Pic du Midi of Pau, the most remarkable mountain in the district:—"In the immediate vicinity of the watering-place, the mountains are so very precipitous, and the sun, when it does shine both in the winter, so powerful, that there is never a great deal of snow to be seen upon them, even when it is lying many feet deep in the valley; so that, although we miss the flocks and herds upon the steeps, still this valley has not the desolate appearance which others of the Pyrenees present in winter; and from the circumstance of its being one of the most frequented of the passes into Spain, there is always a considerable number of individuals in the traffic between the two countries, travelling through it."

"There are many splendid amphitheatric views in this valley; indeed, from the Hourat to the Cas de Broussète it is a succession of almost unequalled scenery. One of the finest of these views, is that which is beheld from the entrance to the forest of Gabas. There the road, but a few feet in breadth, sweeping round an elbow of the Som de Seube, skirts along its southern side; the river far beneath

it is to be seen tumbling and tossing among the huge masses of fallen rock which impede its course, and laving the base of the Lacasol, which rises many thousand feet, clothed to a great height with the beech and silver fir, its bald and fantastically shaped crest conspicuous among the surrounding summits. In front is the Pic du Midi, its mighty fork becoming still more imposing as it is approached, with its base covered with wood, stretching across the head of the valley, and leaving scarcely width sufficient for the river to pass between them, seems almost to touch the neighbouring mountain which completes the circle. The mountains in this district have a peculiarity which adds greatly to their beauty and interest. They are almost all detached from each other, forming distinct and separate mountains, a dozen of whose grey heads towering to the sky, may be observed from many points. The valleys which lie between them, are frequently little more than channels for the torrents; and their sides are generally, if not too precipitous, wooded; and even when so abrupt as not to admit of trees growing upon them, still the boxwood, plants of which are often of great size, finds a resting place on their steeps, and clothes their nakedness."

Upon the separation of France and Spain by the Pyrenees, Mr. Murray aptly observes:—"Each of them possessed, as it were, a key which admitted them to the territories of their neighbour, through the otherwise impassable districts of these mountains. Thus France possesses nearly one half of the Cerdagne, which lies altogether upon the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, and in the severe weather of winter is almost cut off from the resources of the country of which it forms a portion, but the possession of which, in ancient warfare, gave the French great facilities in invading the finest of the Spanish provinces: Spain, again, by means of the valley d'Arran, could at any time pour its troops through the strongest and most defensible of all the Pyrenean fastnesses. It seems strange that the commissioners who settled the boundaries of the two countries, did not take this coincidence into consideration, and propose that an exchange should have taken place. The advantages of the concession would have been mutual."

The Naturalist.

LONDON CRITERION OF A CANARY BIRD.

THERE are societies in London for promoting the breeding of canaries, and amateurs distinguish upwards of thirty varieties. Professor Rennie mentions two sorts of canaries, the plain and variegated, or, as they are technically called, the gay spangles or merrily, and jonks or jonquils. These two varieties

are more esteemed than any of the numerous varieties which have sprung from them; and although birds of different feathers have their admirers, some preferring beauty of plumage, others excellence of song, certainly that bird is most desirable where both are combined. The first property of these birds consists in the cap, which ought to be of fine orange colour, pervading every part of the body except the tail and wings, and possessing the utmost regularity, without any black feathers, as, by the smallest speck, it loses the property of a show bird, and is considered a broken-capped bird. The second property consists in the feathers of the wing and tail being of a deep black up to the quill, as a single white feather in the wing or tail causes it to be termed a foul bird; the requisite number of these feathers in each wing is eighteen, and in the tail twelve. It is, however, frequently observed that the best-coloured birds are foul in one or two feathers, which reduces their value, although they may still be matched to breed with. These form the leading features of excellence; but it is generally the custom of the societies above-mentioned to award the prize to the competitor who produces a bird nearest to the model published by them: the season prior to that wherein the competitors are to show for the prize.

MARINE WOOD DESTROYERS.

It was for a long time generally supposed that the *teredo navalis* had become quite extinct in the British islands; but, within the last ten years, it has again made its appearance in different places, and committed great havoc. It was first observed in the wooden pier of Portpatrick, on the western coast of Scotland; then at Donaghadee, Youghall, Dunmore, the Island of Achil, and other places on the coast of Ireland. In league with the *teredo*, there is another species of wood destroyer, nearly as destructive, called the *Limnoria terebrans*. The former consumes the interior of the piles, and to the latter the exterior falls a prey. At Portpatrick, they threaten, by their united efforts, the entire destruction of all the timber in the pier. A piece of sound pine timber, which had been originally nine inches in diameter, when taken up, after being five years and a half used as a pile, was found so reduced as to contain not more than an inch in breadth of sound timber in any part, and in several places it was pierced entirely through. Mr. Stephen, the overseer of the harbour of Donaghadee, coated, by way of experiment, two sides of a piece of timber with a common mixture of tar and sulphur, and the other two with white paint. The sides coated with the former, were soon attacked by the *limnoria*; but those which were painted remained uninjured. The most effectual

method, however, of protecting timber from the *teredo*, which has been yet discovered, is to stud it closely with broad-headed nails, the rust from which soon covers all the wood, and shields it completely. The *limnoria* is not always, however, in league with the *teredo*, but is found in many places carrying on its ravages alone—as at Leith, the Bell Rock lighthouse, Kingstown (Dublin Bay), &c. A number of other interesting particulars on the subject will be found in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for April, 1834, and January, 1835.—L. P. S

Spirit of Discovery.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART, FOR 1837.

[The present volume, the tenth of its series, exhibits the progress of discovery and improvement during the last year, as the following outline of its contents show:—]

In the department of *Mechanical and General Science* will be found the present state of the London and Birmingham Railway; the progress of the Thames Tunnel during the past year; notices of Captain Brown's proposed Metallic Light-houses; important facts respecting Steam Communication with India and America; the theory of Traction on Canals; valuable communications on the economy of Steam-boilers; a descriptive paper on the Dublin and Kingstown Railway; the adaptation of Steam to Agriculture; the details of Mr. Rowland Hill's Rotatory Printing Machine; a new Safety Spring for Carriages and Carts; Professor Whewell's illustration of the Science of the Tides; the details of an Iron Suspension Bridge, in India; the theory of Railways, by Dr. Lardner; a popular description of the Greenwich Railway; and a notice of Messrs. Arnold and Dent's Balance-springs for Chronometers.

In *Chemistry* and the collateral sciences will be found described the Experiments made at Constantinople with Drummond's Light for Lighthouses in the Black Sea; a paper by Dr. T. Thomson on Sulphuric Acid; Dr. Ure's Patent Sugar-pan; M. Bossingault on Bitumens; an experimental paper, on Fluorine, by the Messrs. Knox; Professor Faraday on the Magnetic Relation of the Metals; a paper of practical value on the action of Isinglass in clearing Malt Liquor; Dr. Ritchie's Researches in Electricity and Magnetism; Professor Davy on Carburet of Potassium, and a new Gaseous Bi-carburet of Hydrogen; Mrs. Somerville's very interesting experiments on the Chemical Rays of the Solar Spectrum; details of a New Metal called Donium; Berzelius on a New Power which acts in the Formation of Organic Bodies; Dr. Hall's New Thermometer; Dr. Thomas Thomson's Chemical Analysis of

Tabasheer; Professor Faraday on Silification; a valuable method of Detecting Arsenic; Mr. Crosse's striking production of Artificial Crystals and Minerals; Dobereiner on several New Combinations of Platinum; Professor Daniell on Voltaic Combinations; Mr. R. W. Fox on Galvanic Changes in the Chemical Character of Metals; M. Couerbe on Thebaia, a New Alkali in Opium; Magnetic Experiments in an Iron Steam-boat; and a paper by Dr. Gregory on Caoutchoucine. This division will be recognised as equal in importance to the corresponding department in either of the volumes which we have hitherto presented to the reader.

Natural History: in *Zoology* are Notices of New Species or rarely described Specimens, — as the Harvest-bug; a new British Fish; the Long-eared Bat; Gordius Aquaticus; Changes in Crabs; Nests of the Wasp; *Colepsis Barbara*; the Colombia River Sturgeon; the Square-browed Malthæ. To these are added papers on the Zoology of Boothia and North America; and Professor Ehrenberg's New Discovery in Palæontology — Tripoli composed wholly of Infusorial Exuvie. The most striking facts in the proceedings of the Zoological Society have been selected for this section, as heretofore.

In *Botany* is a paper by Dr. Hope on the Colour of the Leaves and Flowers of Plants; a communication of practical worth, on the Growth of Wheat; notice of Sugar-candy in Flowers, and Boiling Seeds; and a paper by Professor Goppert on Fossil Ferns.

The *Geological* novelties of the year are valuable; as, Mr. Charlesworth's paper on the Vertebrated Animals of the Crag of Norfolk and Suffolk; Mr. Brogniart, on Cobalt at Paris; theory of the Phenomenon of Elevation; Professor Phillips on the Blocks or Boulders in the North of England; M. Combes on Gas in Coal Mines; two undescribed Radiaria; Messrs. Sedgwick and Murchison on the Old Slate Rocks of Devon; Professor Ehrenberg on Fossil Infusoria; a further notice of the Ichthyosaurus, by Sir Philip G. Egerton; and a paper descriptive of some recently found Fossils in the London Clay.

Among the *Astronomical and Meteorological* Phenomena will be found notices of the Annular Eclipse of the Sun; and a Meteorological Summary of the year, by Dr. Armstrong.

The most valuable facts elicited at the anniversary of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, will be found condensed in each of the preceding divisions.

To these are added Inventions and Discoveries in Rural Economy, Gardening, and Domestic Economy; and the usual Lists, illustrating the progress of Science throughout the year.

[The *Obituary* numbers a few names pro-

minent in Science and Art, whose works, however, are the best records of their worth.]

Antoine Laurent de Jussieu, F.R.S., a name singularly illustrious in the annals of Botanical Science; and nephew to the great Bernard de Jussieu, whom he succeeded as Administrator of the Garden of Plants, at Paris, in 1779. In the year 1789, he published his great and truly classical work, entitled *Genera Plantarum secundum Ordines naturales deposita*, which caused a total revolution in the science of Botany. To the modification and extension of the views contained in this work, he devoted the remainder of his life. His later Memoirs, many of which are of great value, are chiefly contained in the *Annales*, and subsequently in the *Memoire des Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*.

Dr. Richard Pearson, fellow of most of the learned societies in London, and co-editor with Drs. Hutton and Shaw of the *Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions*.

Mons. Ampere, F.R.S., Professor of the Polytechnic School at Paris, author of *Memoirs on the Mathematical Theories of Electro Magnetic Currents*, &c.

Baron de Ferussac, founder and editor of the *Bulletin Universel*.

Lieutenant Murphy of the Royal Engineers, who was Astronomer to the Euphrates Expedition, and was a man of high scientific attainments.

Sir John Soane, Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, F.R.S., &c. Among his most important works are the Bank of England, the National Debt Redemption Office, the Privy Council Office, the Law Courts at Westminster, parts of the House of Lords, the State Paper Office, the new appendages to Chelsea Hospital, Churches at Walworth and Marylebone. In the year 1833, he presented to the nation his costly Architectural Museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, which will shortly be opened to the public, as the Soanean Museum.

Dr. William Henry, F.R.S., to whom the science of Chemistry generally, and of gaseous chemistry in particular, is under great obligations. He was the author of several papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in the *Memoirs of the Manchester Society*; and one of the best written and best arranged Systems of Chemistry. Than Dr. Henry few persons have contributed more effectually, by their discoveries and exertions, to the promotion of those arts and manufactures which form the foundation of the prosperity of a great, commercial nation.

Carl Wichmann, Sculptor.

Abraham Saportas, President of the Royal Institution, Amsterdam.

W. X. Ottley, Author of the *Italian School of Design*, &c.

Malaise, Sculptor, Brussels.

M. K. F. Erbsstein, Dresden, Antiquities and Numismatics.

Dr. Christian Ludwig Stieglitz, Archæology, &c.

Dr. F. K. Ludwig Sickler, Archæology, &c.
Benjamin Wyatt, Architect of Drury-lane Theatre, &c.

Richard Westall, R. A.

Bodenmuller, Sculptor.

Matthew Kessels, Dutch Sculptor.

P. Velyn, Artist, Amsterdam.

Abbate Carlo Fea, celebrated Archæologist, Rome.

I. F. Schroter, Anatomical draughtsman.

M. Person, the learned Botanist, author of *Synopsis Plantarum*, &c.

C. M. Fischer, Curator of the Botanic Garden of Göttingen.

M. Deleuze, Honorary Librarian of the Garden of Plants, at Paris; translator of Darwin's *Lives of the Plants*, &c.

Thomas Burton, Esq., author of the *Midland Flora*.

Galloway Bey, twelve years Chief Engineer to the Pacha of Egypt.

Mr. Pond, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal, having succeeded Dr. Maskelyne, in the year 1810.

Sir Charles Wilkins, F.R.S., the first Englishman who thoroughly mastered the difficulties of the Sanscrit language.

Captain James Horsburgh, F.R.S., Hydrographer to the East India Company; author of the *East India Sailing Directory*, "one of the most valuable contributions that was ever made by the labours of one man to the interests of navigation."

The Rev. William Lax, F.R.S., Lowndes's Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in the University of Cambridge, and author of *Tables to be used with the Nautical Almanac*.

Sir John Sinclair, Bart., F.R.S., author of the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, and many works in useful science.

Sir William Gell, F.R.S., the Topographical Antiquary.

Dr. William Elford Leach, F.R.S., to whom we are chiefly indebted for the first introduction into this country of the natural system of arrangement in Conchology and Entomology, and for the adoption of those more general and philosophical views which originated with Latreille and Cuvier. Dr. Leach was the author of several papers in the *Linnean Transactions* and elsewhere.

The Nobelist.

THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL: OR A JUDICIAL TRIAL BY COMBAT.

By Washington Irving.

THE following is one of the most memorable cases of judicial combat we find in the annals of Spain. It occurred at the bright com-

mencement of the reign, and in the youthful and as yet glorious days, of Roderick the Goth; who subsequently tarnished his fame at home by his misdeeds, and, finally, lost his kingdom and his life on the banks of the Guadalete, in that disastrous battle, which gave up Spain a conquest to the Moors. The following is the story:—

There was, once upon a time, a certain duke of Lorraine, who was acknowledged throughout his domains to be one of the wisest princes that ever lived. In fact, there was not any one measure that he adopted that did not astonish all his privy counsellors and gentlemen in attendance: and he said so many witty things, and made such sensible speeches, that his high chamberlain had his jaws dislocated from laughing with delight at the one, and gaping with wonder at the other.

This very witty and exceedingly wise potentate lived for half a century in single blessedness, when his courtiers began to think it a great pity so wise and wealthy a prince should not have a child after his own likeness, to inherit his talents and domains; so they urged him most respectfully to marry, for the good of his estate, and the welfare of his subjects.

He turned their advice over in his mind some four or five years, and then sending emissaries to all parts, he summoned to his court all the beautiful maidens in the land who were ambitious of sharing a ducal crown. The court was soon crowded with beauties of all styles and complexions, from among whom he chose one in the earliest budding of her charms, and acknowledged by all the gentlemen to be unparalleled for grace and loveliness. The courtiers extolled the duke to the skies for making such a choice, and considered it another proof of his great wisdom. "The duke," said they, "is waxing a little too old; the damsel, on the other hand, is a little too young; if one is lacking in years, the other has a superabundance; thus a want on one side is balanced by an excess on the other, and the result is a well assorted marriage."

The duke, as is often the case with wise men, who marry rather late, and take damsels rather youthful to their bosoms, became dotingly fond of his wife, and indulged her in all things. He was, consequently, cried up by his subjects in general, and by the ladies in particular, as a pattern for husbands; and, in the end, from the wonderful docility with which he submitted to be reined and checked, acquired the amiable and enviable appellation of duke Phillibert the wife-ridden.

There was only one thing that disturbed the conjugal felicity of this paragon of husbands: though a considerable time elapsed after his marriage, he still remained without any prospect of an heir. The good duke

left no means untried to propitiate heaven; he made vows and pilgrimages, he fasted and he prayed, but all to no purpose. The courtiers were all astonished at the circumstance. They could not account for it. While the meanest peasant in the country had sturdy brats by dozens, without putting up a prayer, the duke wore himself to skin and bone with penances and fastings, yet seemed farther off from his object than ever.

At length, the worthy prince fell dangerously ill, and felt his end approaching. He looked with sorrowful eyes upon his young and tender spouse, who hung over him with tears and tender sobbings. "Alas!" said he, "tears are soon dried from youthful eyes, and sorrow lies lightly on a youthful heart. In a little while I shall be no more, and in the arms of another husband thou wilt forget him who has loved thee so tenderly."

"Never! never!" cried the duchess. "Never will I cleave to another! Alas, that my lord should think me capable of such inconstancy!"

The worthy and wife-ridden duke was soothed by her assurances; for he could not endure the thoughts of giving her up even after he should be dead. Still he wished to have some pledge of her enduring constancy.

"Far be it from me, my dearest wife," said he, "to control thee through a long life. A year and a day of strict fidelity will appease my troubled spirit. Promise to remain faithful to my memory for a year and a day, and I will die in peace."

The duchess made a solemn vow to that effect. The uxorious feelings of the duke were not yet satisfied. "Safe bind, safe find," thought he; so he made a will, in which he bequeathed to her all his domains on condition of her remaining true to him for a year and a day after his decease; but should it appear that, within that time, she had in any wise lapsed from her fidelity, the inheritance should go to his nephew, the lord of a neighbouring territory.

Having made his will, the good duke died and was buried. Scarcely was he in his tomb, when his nephew came to take possession, thinking, as his uncle had died without issue, that the domains would be devised to him of course. He was in a furious passion, however, when the will was produced, and the young widow was declared inheritor of the dukedom. As he was a violent, high-handed man, and one of the sturdiest knights in the land, fears were entertained that he might attempt to seize on the territories by force. He had, however, two bachelor uncles for bosom counsellors. These were two, swaggering, rakehell, old cavaliers, who, having led loose and riotous lives, prided themselves upon knowing the world, and being deeply

experienced in human nature. They took their nephew aside, "Prithee, man," said they, "be of good cheer. The duchess is a young and burton widow. She has just buried our brother, who, God rest his soul! was somewhat too much given to praying and fasting, and kept his pretty wife always tied to his girdle. She is now like a bird from a cage. Think you she will keep her vow? Impossible! Take our words for it—we know mankind, and, above all, womankind. She cannot hold out for such a length of time; it is not in womanhood—it is not in widowhood—we know it, and that's enough. Keep a sharp look-out upon the widow, therefore, and within the twelvemonth you will catch her tripping—and then the dukedom is your own."

The nephew was pleased with this counsel, and immediately placed spies round the duchess, and bribed several of her servants to keep a watch upon her, so that she could not take a single step, even from one apartment of her palace to another, without being observed. Never was young and beautiful widow exposed to so terrible an ordeal.

The duchess was aware of the watch thus kept upon her. Though confident of her own rectitude, she knew that it was not enough for a woman to be virtuous—she must be above the reach of slander. For the whole term of her probation, therefore, she proclaimed a strict nonintercourse with the other sex. She had females for cabinet ministers and chamberlains, through whom she transacted all her public and private concerns; and it is said, that never were the affairs of the dukedom so adroitly administered.

All males were rigorously excluded from the palace; she never went out of its precincts, and whenever she moved about its courts and gardens, she surrounded herself with a body-guard of young maids of honour, commanded by dames renowned for discretion. She slept in a bed without curtains, placed in the centre of a room illuminated by innumerable wax tapers. Four ancient spinsters, virtuous as Virginia, perfect dragons of watchfulness, who only slept during the day-time, kept vigils throughout the night, seated in the four corners of the room on stools without backs or arms, and with seats cut in checkers of the hardest wood, to keep them from dozing.

Thus wisely and warily did the young duchess conduct herself for twelve long months, and slander almost bit her tongue off in despair at finding no room even for a surmise. Never was ordeal more burdensome, or more enduringly sustained.

The year passed away. The last, odd day arrived, and a long, long day it was. It was the twenty-first of June, the longest day in the year. It seemed as if it would never come to an end. A thousand times did the

duchess and her ladies watch the sun from the windows of the palace, as he slowly climbed the vault of heaven, and seemed still more slowly to roll down. They could not help expressing their wonder, now and then, why the duke should have tagged this super-numerary day to the end of the year, as if three hundred and sixty-five days were not sufficient to try and task the fidelity of any woman. It is the last grain that turns the scale—the last drop that overflows the goblet—and the last moment of delay that exhausts the patience. By the time the sun sank below the horizon the duchess was in a fidget that passed all bounds, and, though several hours were yet to pass before the day regularly expired, she could not have remained those hours in durance to gain a royal crown, much less a ducal coronet. So she gave her orders, and her palfrey, magnificently compared, was brought into the courtyard of the castle, with palfreys for all her ladies in attendance. In this way she sallied forth just as the sun had gone down. It was a mission of piety—a pilgrim cavalcade to a convent at the foot of a neighbouring mountain—to return thanks to the blessed Virgin for having sustained her through this fearful ordeal.

The orisons performed, the duchess and her ladies returned, ambling gently along the border of a forest. It was about that mellow hour of twilight when night and day are mingled, and all objects indistinct. Suddenly some monstrous animal sprang from out a thicket, with fearful howlings. The whole female body-guard was thrown into confusion, and fled different ways. It was sometime before they recovered from their panic, and gathered once more together; but the duchess was not to be found. The greatest anxiety was felt for her safety. The hazy mist of twilight had prevented their distinguishing perfectly the animal which had affrighted them. Some thought it a wolf, others a bear, others a wild man of the woods. For upwards of an hour did they beleaguer the forest, without daring to venture in, and were on the point of giving up the duchess as torn to pieces and devoured, when, to their great joy, they beheld her advancing in the gloom, supported by a stately cavalier.

He was a stranger knight, whom nobody knew. It was impossible to distinguish his countenance in the dark; but all the ladies agreed that he was of a noble presence and captivating address. He had rescued the duchess from the very fangs of the monster, which, he assured the ladies, was neither a wolf, nor a bear, nor yet a wild man of the woods, but a veritable fiery dragon, a species of monster peculiarly hostile to beautiful females in the days of chivalry, and which all the efforts of knight-errantry had not been able to extirpate.

The ladies crossed themselves when they

heard of the danger from which they had escaped, and could not enough admire the gallantry of the cavalier. The duchess would fain have prevailed on her deliverer to accompany her to her court; but he had no time to spare, being a knight-errant, who had many adventures on hand and many distressed damsels and afflicted widows to rescue and relieve in various parts of the country. Taking a respectable leave, therefore, he pursued his wayfaring, and the duchess and her train returned to the palace. Throughout the whole way, the ladies were unwearied in chanting the praises of the stranger knight; nay, many of them would willingly have incurred the danger of the dragon to have enjoyed the happy deliverance of the duchess. As to the latter, she rode pensively along, but said nothing.

No sooner was the adventure of the wood made public, than a whirlwind was raised about the ears of the beautiful duchess. The blustering nephew of the deceased duke went about, armed to the teeth, with a swaggering uncle at each shoulder, ready to back him, and swore the duchess had forfeited her domain. It was in vain that she called all the saints and angels, and her ladies in attendance into the bargain, to witness that she had passed a year and a day of immaculate fidelity. One fatal hour remained to be accounted for; and in the space of one little hour sins enough may be conjured up by evil tongues, to blast the fame of a whole life of virtue.

The two graceless uncles, who had seen the world, were ever ready to bolster the matter through, and, as they were brawny, broad-shouldered warriors, and veterans in brawl as well as debauch they had great sway with the multitude. If any one pretended to assert the innocence of the duchess, they interrupted him with a loud ha! ha! of derision. "A pretty story, truly," would they cry, "about a wolf and a dragon, and a young widow rescued in the dark by a sturdy varlet, who dares not show his face in the daylight. You may tell that to those who do not know human nature; for our parts we know the sex, and that's enough."

If, however, the other repeated his assertion they would suddenly knit their brows, swell, look big, and put their hands upon their swords. As few people like to fight in a cause that does not touch their own interests, the nephew and the uncles were suffered to have their way, and swagger uncontradicted.

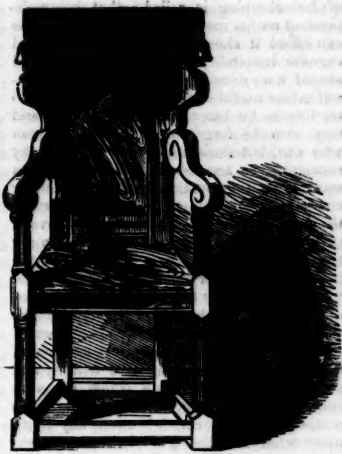
The matter was at length referred to a tribunal composed of all the dignitaries of the dukedom, and many and repeated consultations were held. The character of the duchess, throughout the year, was as bright and spotless as the moon in a cloudless night; one fatal hour of darkness alone intervened to eclipse its brightness. Finding human sagacity incapable of dispelling the mystery, it

was determined to leave the question to heaven; or, in other words, to decide it by the ordeal of the sword—a sage tribunal in the age of chivalry. The nephew and two bully uncles were to maintain their accusation in listed combat, and six months were allowed to the duchess to provide herself with three champions, to meet them in the field. Should she fail in this, or should her champions be vanquished, her honour would be considered as attained, her fidelity as forfeit, and her dukedom would go to the nephew, as a matter of right.

With this determination the duchess was fain to comply. Proclamations were accordingly made, and heralds sent to various parts; but day after day, week after week, and month after month elapsed, without any champion appearing to assert her loyalty throughout that darksome hour. The fair widow was reduced to despair when tidings reached her of grand tournaments to be held at Toledo, in celebration of the nuptials of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, with the Morisco Princess Exilona. As a last resort, the duchess repaired to the Spanish court, to implore the gallantry of its assembled chivalry.

The ancient city of Toledo was a scene of gorgeous revelry on the event of the royal nuptials. The youthful king, brave, ardent, and magnificent, and his lovely bride, beaming with all the radiant beauty of the east, were hailed with shouts and acclamations whenever they appeared. Their nobles vied with each other in the luxury of their attire, their splendid retinues and prancing steeds; and the haughty dames of the court appeared in a blaze of jewels.

(To be concluded in our next.)



(Wickliffe's Chair.)

the general repair of the church, about a century since. This pulpit is a fine specimen of early English carpentry; it is of hexagonal shape, composed of thick oak planks, with a seam of carved work at the angles. Here likewise is a portrait of Wickliffe; and the communion-cloth used by him, which is of purple velvet, trimmed with gold.

Wickliffe was buried in the church; but, to the eternal disgrace of his adversaries, after the Reformer had slept peacefully in his grave for forty-four years, his bones were disinterred, publicly burnt, and the ashes were thrown into the neighbouring river, Swift.

SALVATOR ROSA AND HOGARTH.

SALVATOR ROSA drew his first inspirations from the magnificent scenery of Pausilippo and Vesuvius: Hogarth found his in a pot-house at Highgate, where a drunken quarrel and a broken nose first awoke the god within him. Both, however, reached the sublime—Hogarth in the grotesque, and Salvator in the majestic.

The Public Journals.

ANECDOTES OF EATING.

(From *Cibaria Memorabilia*, by Nimrod in Fraser's *Magazine*; abridged.)

MUCH as gluttony is to be condemned amongst people of all ranks in life, and although there is no rule to be laid down respecting a man's style of "living," as the act

Anecdote Gallery.

WICKLIFFE'S CHAIR.

THE interesting relic of "the Morning Star of the Reformation" is preserved in the church of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, as the chair in which Wickliffe, on being seized, while preaching, with paralysis, was conveyed home, and in which he subsequently died, on December 31, 1384.

Wickliffe, it will be remembered, received the valuable rectory of Lutterworth from Edward III., in the year 1374, whither, after an ordeal of ecclesiastical politics, he was allowed to retire unmolested: here he continued to preach, and completed a translation of the Scriptures, in which he had been engaged some years before.

Other relics of Wickliffe, besides his chair, are preserved in the church at Lutterworth. Here is the identical pulpit in which he preached, which was spared renovation at

of housekeeping is called,—that being dependent on his means,—still, every man who can afford it should keep a good table, and exercise hospitality; for, if he do not, and should have done nothing else to make himself either useful or signal, he will slide into eternity as he has crept into existence, and very soon be forgotten. In fact, the man who can, but does not, live well, may very reasonably be accused of selfishness, and a want of that sympathy which is a leading characteristic of his nature. In my walks through life, however, I have met with several persons who, wanting neither the means nor the inclination to keep a good table, have been remarkable for keeping a bad one. The "*ars fruendi*" that Horace allows to Tibullus, did not, as was his case, accompany the "*divitiæ*," and thus is the failure accounted for. I could name a memorable instance of this in the establishment of a wealthy and very worthy old gentleman, whom I was in the habit of visiting, in Hampshire. He neither knew nor cared, himself, any thing about what is called good eating, and, perhaps, concluded his friends had a like indifference to it. "Is the soup good?" heard I him twice ask a *bon-vivant* neighbour, as he was himself lapping it up in perfect satisfaction. On no answer being returned, the question was repeated, when his guest answered, "It is *pleasant*." On another occasion, I heard him ask a young nobleman, nearly two hours after dinner, during which time he had been drinking strong port, whether he would like a bottle of claret? "*Very much, indeed*," said his lordship, with rather a strong emphasis.

That delicacy of arrangement called "the economy of the table," is an art difficult of acquirement,—at all events, not very generally practised in perfection. Still, we may believe that at no period of the world has it been so thoroughly understood and appreciated as at the present; and we may reasonably persuade ourselves, that were a modern *bon vivant* asked to partake of the "*lautum et elegantem victum*," for which Nepos boasts, in his *Life of Atticus*, that gentleman was so distinguished—to say nothing of the probability of its having been served on a maple-wood table, without a table-cloth—he would for once forego his reverence for the classics, and very much prefer a dinner at Lord Sefton's.

There is some art, or, at all events, judgment, required in the selection of guests to a dinner-party, which is too often not sufficiently regarded; for, as Swift says, in his *Tale of a Tub*, a man may pass for a philosopher in one company, and be taken for a fool in another. Cicero's advice to a person ambitious of the honour of being one of the first-named class, not to run the chance of exposing himself in society, is very much to the purpose:

—" *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.*" Thus, my father's selection of the two or three hard-headed neighbours to meet the hard-drinking doctor alluded to in "Bacchanalia Memorabilia," was well-timed and judicious; being a sort of annual sacrifice to friendship contracted in early life with a man whose only blemish was that of not being satisfied with less than two bottles of port at a sitting. But I have heard him speak of—indeed his countenance was expressive of it at the time—the wretched hours he had passed at his own table in the presence of some young sporting friends, whom my brother or myself had selected in our youthful days. "I watched your conversation last evening," said he once to me, after a party of this description: "it was really painful, after all I have spent on your education, to find your whole thoughts engrossed by hounds, horses, and riding; and you talked of nothing else." But this is no isolated case. I remember, some twenty years back, dining with a clergyman, who never was a-hunting in his life, but was signal for his literary acquirements; when he beckoned me out of the room, before dinner. "I have," said he, "a favour to ask of you; it is *not* to speak of horses or hounds, if you can help it. My nephew is come to visit me, from Dorsetshire; and, having, unfortunately for me, been taking what he calls 'a Tour of Hounds,' I have three times had a recapitulation of it; and if you once mention the subject of hunting, we shall have it over again." We did have it over again, and I shall never forget the attempts made by the uncle to abridge it; but, finding his nephew was well "hung to his fox," with a breast high scent, and that there was no chance of either stopping him or heading him, he took a walk in his garden, till the last fox was killed.

This part of my subject is very well handled by Mr. Walker in several numbers of the *Original*, under the head of the "Art of Dining," which leaves little for me to say; but it would be well if his remarks in the twenty-first number, on the too common want of a good fire, in cold weather, and some other comforts, in dining-rooms, where they are so frequently found to be sacrificed to show and ostentation, were more regarded than they are. His strictures, also, in other papers, on the tyranny of custom; which has so prostrated the real pleasures of the dinner-table to the same unworthy propensities, are equally just and meritorious; but on a certain large portion of society they will be of no avail at present. The "come-and-dine-with-me-to-day" system which he speaks of, on herrings, hashed mutton, and a cranberry tart, excellent and kind-hearted as it is, will not be revived again even in the country, much less in London. In fact, amongst all my acquaintance, thus far in life, I never

knew but one man who was quite the same man in London that I found him to be in the country, and who carried with him to the metropolis his usual hospitality and benevolence: and, perhaps, he carried it too far; for he asked almost every one of his acquaintance, whom he met in the streets, to dine with him on *that very day*,—the too frequent consequence of which was an ill-assorted lot of guests at his table. The fault here, we may say, lay on the right side. But, to show to what an extent the hospitality of this Welsh 'squire was carried, I will relate the following anecdote, which I think is hard to be beaten, on this score at least. Being on a visit to him once at his house, in London, and seeing his coach come to the door at the usual time, I asked him whither he was going. "Where *you* like," was his answer. "Then," said I, "take me into the city; I want to call upon a lawyer." As it happened, the lawyer stood at his door as the coach stopped; and, my business being merely to give him a letter from a client in the country, I told the footman I had finished my business. But my host had not commenced his; for, taking a card out of his pocket, he handed it over to the lawyer, whom he had never seen before in his life, accompanied with these words:—"Turbot and lobster-sauce, *sir*, at *six*; shall be happy in having your company." To give an idea of this gentleman's hospitality in the country, I need only say, that the usual annual amount of his master's bill was seven hundred pounds. "And once," said he to me, "I malted the produce of twenty acres of barley, of my own growing; but the bill was not ten pounds the less for that."

The dropping-in system that Mr. Walker speaks of will never go down in London; and it is very much reduced in the country, and even in Wales. I could name a sporting colonel, however, in one of the principalities, who still keeps what is called an open house; so much so, indeed, that the first question he asks on his arrival at home, every day, about bell-ringing time, is, "*Who is here?*"

Intimately connected with good eating, and still more so with bad, is that said thing called a good digestion, which Shakspeare so judiciously wished might wait on appetite.

Now, the question is—and a most interesting one, too,—how is this invaluable treasure, a good digestion, to be preserved? The prescriptions are various, and opposite. One person will tell you to eat luncheon,—in fact, never to let the stomach become empty, or it will, as it were, devour itself—at all events, become weakened. This doctrine is to me, of itself, hard of digestion; for why should not the digestive powers be restored by rest, as is the case with all our active faculties? Some of the longest livers I have known never tasted luncheon; my own father amongst

them, who would have required it to be put down his throat with a balling-iron,—for he would never have swallowed it *sponte sua*. In fact, I consider it a horrible innovation on our manner of living; and the most irksome, unpleasant, unsatisfactory hours—independent of actual pain or calamity—that I have ever spent, have been those passed in houses in which I have been induced, by the example of others, to eat a hot luncheon,—and this in very bad weather, which has precluded taking exercise after it.

But did I not eat luncheon in my hunting days? Not once in a week did I taste any thing between a good, substantial breakfast and dinner; and I have heard Mr. Warde, the father of the field, say, he never ate luncheon in his life; and who has had a better digestion than he has had, and I hope now has? Lord Panmure, has gone a step beyond him; for his lordship has never accustomed himself but to one meal a-day, and that has been a good dinner, to which he has been thus able to do justice, having nothing of the *indigesta moles* of the previous meal to contend with.

Lord Byron in *Don Juan*, says:—

"Man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals at least *once* a day:
He cannot live like woodcocks, upon suction,
But like the shark and tiger, must have prey."

I will allow him *two*—a good breakfast and a good dinner: but, as for a hot luncheon, I think it a most destructive meal; and I learn, from good authority, that half the young men who lose their health or their lives in the East Indies, are destroyed by the excitement of hot luncheons, followed by still better dinners. I am aware that it has been the practice of medical men to order their dyspeptic patients not to let their stomachs become empty; but I think I shall live to see this theory, as I have seen many others, upset. "How do you live?" said Abernethy to a good-looking dyspeptic, whose stomach he suspected, had not been empty for many a long day. "I eat a little and *often*," he replied, "and I don't drink much." "Then eat a little, and *seldom*, and drink still less," resumed that determined enemy to all cooks but his own; "and then you will get well." But this son of Esculapius was rather too severe on the kitchen,—at all events, rather hasty in condemning it. "I see what is the matter with *you*," said he to a lady of my acquaintance, who seldom ate more than would keep a six-months' old kitten alive,—"*the kitchen!* the *kitchen!* your husband keeps a good cook."

New Books.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

[This is a tarnation clever book in its way—somewhat of the broadest to be sure—but

full of wit and humour withal from the rich stores of Uncle Sam—the national patronymic of an American. It abounds in droll yarns, shrewd observation, and fun of all kinds, being the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville, "the Clockmaker." The majority of these good things originally appeared in the *Novascotian* newspaper, whence they have been reprinted in America, and again reprinted here. The character of "the Clockmaker" need hardly be explained, as most of our readers must recollect the humorous sketch of "the Clock Pedlar," from Crockett's Adventures. Of his adventures and lively gossip, his "sayings and doings," a few specimens may be more agreeable.]

The Irish Emigrant.

I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States; why, says I, Pat, what on airth brought you back? Bad luck to them, says Pat, if I warn't properly bit. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Beler to me. Four shillings, your Lordship, says I. There are no Lords here, says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn there in two; I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your Lordship, says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back, says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry; with that, says the overweer, we don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks' board in one, and at the end of a month, I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia: while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain, and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up.

Bill Smith.

There is an outlaw of a fellow here, for all the world like one of our Kentucky Squatters, one Bill Smith—a critter that neither fears man nor devil. Sheriff and constable can make no hand of him—they can't catch him no how; and if they do come up with him, he slips through their fingers like an eel: and then, he goes armed, and he can knock the eye out of a squirrel with a ball, at fifty yards hand running—a regular ugly customer.

Well, Nabb, the constable, had a wif agin him, and he was ciphering a good while how he should catch him; at last he hit on a plan that he thought was pretty clever, and he schemed for a chance to try it. So one day he heard that Bill was up at Pugnose's Inn, a settling some business, and was likely to be there all night. Nabb waits till it was considerable late in the evening, and then he takes his horse and rides down to the inn, and hitches his beast behind the hay stack. Then he crawls up to the window and peeps in, and watches there till Bill should go to bed, thinking the best way to catch them are sort of animals is to catch them asleep. Well, he kept Nabb a waiting outside so long, with his talking and singing, that he well nigh fell asleep first himself; at last Bill began to strip for bed. First he takes out a long pocket pistol, examines the priming, and lays it down on the table, near the head of the bed.

When Nabb sees this, he begins to creep like all over, and feel kinder ugly, and rather sick of his job; but when he seed him jump into bed, and heerd him snore out a noise like a man driving pigs to market, he plucked up courage, and thought he might do it easy arter all if he was to open the door softly, and make one spring on him afore he could wake. So round he goes, lifts up the latch of his door as soft as soap, and makes a jump right atop of him, as he lay on the bed. I guess I got you this time, said Nabb. I guess so too, said Bill, but I wish you wouldn't lay so plaguy heavy on me—just turn over, that's a good fellow, will you? With that, Bill lays his arm on him to raise him up, for he said he was squeezed as flat as a pancake, and afore Nabb knew where he was, Bill rolled him right over, and was atop of him. Then he seized him by the throat, and twisted his pipe, till his eyes were as big as saucers, and his tongue grew six inches longer, while he kept making faces, for all the world like the pirate that was hanged on Monument Hill, at Boston. It was pretty near over with him, when Nabb thought of his spurs; so he just curled up both heels, and drove the spurs right into him; he let him have it jist below his crupper; as Bill was naked, he had a fair chance, and he ragged him like the leaf of a book cut open with your finger. At last, Bill could stand it no longer; he let go his hold, and roared like a bull, and clapping both hands ahind him, he out of the door like a shot. If it had'n't been for them are spurs, I guess Bill would have saved the hangman a job of Nabb that time.

Jim Billings.

You knew Jim Billings, didn't you, Mr. Slick? Oh, yes, said I, I knew him. It was he that made such a talk by shipping blankets to the West Indies. The same, says

he. Well, I went to see him the other day at Mrs. Lecain's Boarding House, and says I, Billings, you have a nice location here. A plagy sight too nice, said he. Marm Lecain makes such an eternal touse about her carpets, that I have to go along that everlasting long entry, and down both staircases, to the street door to spit; and it keeps all the gentlemen a running with their mouths full all day. I had a real bout with a New Yorker this morning, I run down to the street door, and afore I seed any body a coming, I let go, and I vow if I didn't let a chap have it all over his white waistcoat. Well, he makes a grab at me, and I shuts the door right to on his wrist, and hooks the door chain taught, and leaves him there, and into Marm Lecain's bed-room like a shot, and hides behind the curtain. Well, he roared like a bull, till black Lucretia, one of the house helps, let him go, and they looked into all the gentlemen's rooms and found nobody—so I got out of that as scrape. So, what with Marm Lecain's carpets in the house, and other folks' waistcoats in the street, its too nice a location for me, I guess, so I shall up killoch and off to-morrow to the Tree mont. Now fifty cents would have bought him a spit-box, and saved him all them are journeys to the street door.

How to catch a Horse.

Most of them are dyke marshes have what they call "*honey pots*" in 'em; that is a deep hole all full of squash, where you cant find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a feller goes to look for his horse, he sees his tail a stickin right out an eend, from one of these honey pots, and wavin like a head of broom corn; and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, e'en a most smothered, everlastin' tired, half swimmin, half wadin, like rats in a molasses cask. When they find 'em in that are pickle, they go and get ropes, and tie 'em tight round their necks, and half hang 'em to make 'em float, and then haul 'em out. Awful looking critters they be, you may depend, when they do come out; for all the world like half-drowned kittens—all slinkeey slimey—with their great, long tails glued up like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. If they don't look foolish its a pity! Well, they have to nurse these critters all winter, with hot mashees, warm coverin, and what not, and when spring comes, they mostly die, and if they don't, they are never no good arter. I wish with all my heart half the horses in the country were barrellled up in these here "*honey pots*," and then there'd be near about one half too many left for profit. Jist look at one of these barn yards in the spring—half a dosen half-starved colts, with their hair looking a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats hangin in tatters, and half a

dosen good for nothin old horses, a crowdin out the cows and sheep.

How to prevent Apple-stealing.

Our old minister Joshua Hopewell had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buiddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost theirs from the boys, hisn always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at em. So I said to him one day, Minister, said I, how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else cant do it nohow. Why, says he, they are dreadful pretty fruit, ant they? I guess, said I, there ant the like on em in all Connecticut. Well, says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxberry, and away down to Squaw-neck Creek, (I was afeared he was agoin to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories,) so says I, I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them? Why I was a goin to tell you, said he, when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no farther. They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.

Travellers in America.

There is no way so good to larn French as to live among 'em, and if you want to understand us, you must live among us, too; your Halls, Hamiltons, and De Rouses, and such critters, what can they know of us? Can a chap catch a likeness flyin along a railroad? can he even see the featur? Old Admiral Anson once ac'ed one of our folks afore our glorious Revolution, (if the British had a known us a little grain better at that time, they wouldn't have got whipped like a sack as they did then,) where he came from? From the Chesapeake, said he. Aye, aye, said the Admiral, from the West Indies. I guess, said the Southaner, you may have been clean round the world, Admiral, but you have been plaguy little in it, not to know better nor that. No, if you want to know the ins and the outs of the Yankees—I've wintered them and summered them; I know

all their points, shape, make, and breed; I've tried 'em alongside of other folks, and I know where they fall short, where they mate 'em, and where they have the advantage, about as well as some who think they know a plaguy sight more. It tants them that stare the most, that see the best 'always, I guess. Our folks have their faults, and I know them, (I warnt born blind, I reckon,) but your friends, the tour writers, are a little grain too hard on us. Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, "*Juno, its better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.*"

A Speculation.

Halifax reminds me of a Russian officer I once seed at Warsaw; he had lost both arms in battle; but I guess I must tell you first why I went there, cause that will show you how we speculate. One Sabbath day, after bell ringin, when most of the women had gone to meetin, I goes down to East India wharf to see Captain Zeek Hancock, of Nantucket, to inquire how oil was, and if it would bear doing anything in; when who should come along but Jabish Green. Slick, says he, how do you do: isn't this as pretty a day as you'll see between this and Norfolk; it whips English weather by a long chalk; and then he looked down at my watch seals, and looked and looked as if he thought I'd stole 'em. At last he looks up, and says he, Slick, I suppose you wouldn't go to Warsaw, would you, if it was made worth your while? Which Warsaw? says I, for I believe in my heart we have a hundred of them. None of ourn at all, says he; Warsaw in Poland. Well, I don't know, says I; what do you call worth while? Six dollars a day, expenses paid, and a bonus of one thousand dollars, if speculation turns out well. I am off, says I, whenever you say go. Tuesday, says he, in the Hamburg packet. Now, says he, I'm in a tarnation hurry; I'm goin a pleasurin to day in the Custom House Boat, along with Josiah Bradford's galls down to Nahant. But I'll tell you what I am at: the Kmpere of Russia has ordered the Poles to cut off their queues on the 1st of January; you must buy them all up, and ship them off to London for the wig-makers. Human hair is scarce and risin. Lord a massy! says I, how queer they will look, wont they. Well, I vow, that's what the sea folks call sailing *under bare Poles*, come true, aint it? I guess it will turn out a good spec, says he; and a good one it did turn out—he cleared ten thousand dollars by it.

An Old Story.

There was one Jim Munroe of Onion County, Connecticut, a desperate idle fellow, a great hand at singin songs, a skatin,

drivin about with the galls, and so on. Well, if any body's windows were broke, it was Jim Munroe—and if there were any youngsters in want of a father, they were sure to be poor Jim's. Jist so it is with the lawyers here; they stand godfathers for every misfortune that happens in the country. When there is a mad dog a goin about, every dog that barks is said to be bit by the mad one, so he gets credit for all the mischief that every dog does for three months to come. So every feller that goes yelpin home from a court house, smartin from the law, swears he is bit by a lawyer. Now there may be something wrong in all these things, (and it cant be otherwise in natur,) in Council, Banks, House of Assembly, and Lawyers: but change them all, and its an even chance if you dont get worse ones in their room. It is in politics as it is in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's een amost sure to get one not so good as his own. *My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.*

Slick's opinion of the English.

The English are the boys for tradin with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather—it flies all over the thrashin floor; but then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

There's no richer sight that I know of, said he, than to see one on 'em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners,) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, "look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocket full of one, and a mouthful of tother: beant he lovely?" and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, "say boo to a goose, if you dare."

JACK BRAG.

(Concluded from page 235.)

[A PIECE of drollery in the third volume almost equals any thing in the same vein by Hood. It is a letter from Brag's mother to

her son, after her second marriage to J. S. (Salmon), and her return from Lewis, (Lewes,) and the affair with the provincial actress:]

No. 71, Elysium Row, Brickfields, Pentonville, (near the Gas Works.)

Dear John,—I am come up here for a change of hair, for I have been in a delicate state since we parted at Lewis; and a pretty parting it was: and such a gurney nobody ever had in this precious world. I got wet to the skin on account of the rain, which powered torrens on me, and then I went inside, and sat, and quite smoked in dryin'. But I have such a tail for you. When we got to the place where they do the chops, two fine, frizzlemegig dandies which had been in the inside of the coach, got out, and giv me and J. S. their places. In the coach was a middle age respectable-looken woman, which sot opposite me; and opposite J. S. sot a little French woman, with green speck-teckles on, and so we went all suchable, and I had forty winks off to sleep, never a-dreaming of no nonsense of no kind, and we got safe to the "Oliphant and Cassell," and was put into what they call the branch coach, to take us to the city; when, just as we was drivin off, the little mounsheer woman which wore the barnacles, whips them off her nose, and says to me, out of the window, says she, with the greatest impudence, "Good day, Mrs. S.; when next you goes to the play I hopes you'll behave better." Can't you guess who it was? Why, as true as I'm sitting here looking at the brick-fields, and smelling the gas for the benefit of my 'ealth, it was that monified Miss Ogg,—she, which played the nigger's wife the night before.

"I wur so mad with Jemes, I could have killed him; he swore till he was black in the face he did not know it himself, but I said to him, says I, "You must have knowed it was the minx's mother. She hadn't got no barnacles on." Whereupon he confessed he did know it, but thought I wur so wet I'd better get in, and it would have done all well enough, for I should have knowed nothink about it if it had not been for her impudence which could not keep her secret to herself.

Then Jemes up and told me that the tall dandy which got out when I got in, was a Mr. Somebody, who acted the nigger; which I could not bileeve, because he was as white as you are: but he swore to it, and told me that the way he made himself look black was by rubbin' his face over with pomatum and lamp-black, which I cannot bileeve, likewise, for it is so nasty. However, Jemes has behaved very well too me since, never mentions that cretur's name, and has taken me these nice apartments, for which we pay only five and twenty shillings a week, coals included, which I thiuk moderate, for the hair is uncommon fine, and I have, besides the Gas Works, a beautiful view of the Kilns, and

the Fever Hospital, which is quite close. Jemes comes home here as soon as he can in the evenings, except Saturdays, when he sleeps in town, as also on those days when he goes out for orders, for which purpose he has got a nice horse and shay, which I am sorry to say, is of no use to me, because I cannot get into it on account of my leg.

What I particularly write to you about is this:—we have had a good large order for articles to be sent to a Captain Wilford in Berkshire. They were staying at a hotel in town when the order came, and we know nothing of them. Jemes has just heard that they are at Cowes, and although you do not like business, he thought that, without putting yourself out of the way, you might just find out whether they are safe customers to deal with. A line at your earliest convenience will oblige.

I have seen nothing of the fine Miss since we parted at the "Oliphant;" and so I hope not to be made oneasy any more upon her account. I hope you are quite well, and happy; I shall be very glad to see you when you come back to town. I have always something in the house here; and the people are very civil, and will do up any thing for you in a few minutes, come whenever you will.

Your affectionate mother,
E. SALMON.

P. S. Their names is Wilford, and lives at Brunkton House, somewhere near Reddin. J. S. desires his regard, and to mention your bill for 500*l.*, doo 20th instant, which he has been obligated to pay away, and which, in course, must be paid.

[The upshot of the hero is ludicrous enough. Jack, seeing that "the very last feather of the peacock had now dropped from the daw's tail," acknowledges his involvements to his landlord, a carpenter, and catches at the following extrication:—]

"Have you a mind," said the carpenter, "to go to Spain?"

"Spain!" said Jack; "what to fight?"

"No," said the carpenter, "not exactly. Do you know what a Commissary is?"

"Can't say I do," said Jack.

"Why," said the carpenter, "he has to get bread and meat, and other things of that kind for the army; I have a cousin going off to-morrow in the steamer, who is one; and my wife and I are going down to Poplar to dine with him. I know they have room for three or four more,—good pay,—not ready money down, to be sure, but in uncommon good bills on an old established firm in Abgate,—a very smart uniform and a very snug berth. I'm sure I could get you *that*."

"But," said Jack, "I don't know how to get bread and bullocks."

"Oh! said the carpenter, "they tell me that the office will be quite a sinecure; I

think it's a fair prospect; we all three can go down in my chay-cart and settle the thing at once, for my cousin Bill is high up in the service."

Jack paused a little,—the struggle was a severe, but a short one;—at all events, the acceptance of the offer would get him free of expense out of the way of his creditors; and if they would allow him to change his name, —which the carpenter said he knew they would, inasmuch as his cousin Bill Nibbs had done the same thing,—he would go: and accordingly, the next day, Sunday, the 23rd of August, redoubtable Jack, with the carpenter and the carpenter's wife, drove in the chaise-cart to Poplar, where they met their relation; and, before ten o'clock the next morning, Jack was steaming down the river on his way to Falmouth, under the name, style, and title of acting-assistant-deputy-deputy-assistant-commissary-general Templegrove, in the service of Her Catholic Majesty.

Nothing has been heard publicly of the acting-assistant-deputy-deputy-assistant-commissary-general since his departure. His mother has received a letter or two from him, the contents of which have not transpired.

The Gatherer.

Shipwrecks.—By Lloyd's Shipping List it appears, that from 1793 to 1829, (being a period of 36 years,) the average number of ships wrecked, was 557 annually! In the latter year, they exceeded 800; and they are believed to have increased since that time! More than 2,000 seamen annually perish thus in the mighty deep! The above facts should impress us with the necessity of using every means for the promotion of religious knowledge among that class of men, who are so imminently exposed to danger and death.

L. P. S.

Foreign Seamen.—At least 50,000 foreign seamen, annually, enter British ports.

L. P. S.

A Museum of Buttons.—On the Steindam, one of the principal streets of the city of Ghent, is a pottery, the proprietor of which has a taste for collecting buttons, of which he has actually formed a museum, so arranged, that he says an observer may trace the rise and fall in different countries of the art of button-making. The antiquarian may here find pleasure, as there are many buttons so covered with the mould of age as to render their patterns indistinguishable. The soldier may gaze on the brighter buttons of Napoleon, &c., and the man of science on those of eminent philosophers. This man's singular passion for button-collecting has obtained for him from the English residents at Ghent, the nickname of Billy Button.—J. H. F.

Epicene Actors.—In the old theatres, if

there was not a young man with an effeminate face to act the character of a female, it was acted in a black mask, which was then a customary part of a lady's dress; and he who had a soft effeminate voice made the best substitute. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, speaking of Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines, says: "It has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, so sensibly touched the audience as he." The fact of a woman having acted a part in a play at Blackfriars, in 1628, induced Prynne to fulminate loudly against the practice through several pages of his *Histriomastix*.

Pompeii.—In a recent excavation, has been discovered a cauldron of water, which was over the fire at the time of the destruction of the city: the water was clear and pure.—*Piedmontese Gazette*.

New Houses of Parliament.—The cost will not exceed Mr. Barry's estimate, 724,000*l*. The opinion that the Elizabethan style will be less convenient than the Grecian, appears to be gaining ground; though it is too late for the Parliamentary commissioners to retrace their steps. The preference for the Elizabethan style seems to rest upon the opinion that the "building should be connected with Westminster Hall, an edifice so intimately interwoven with the history of the country; and if Westminster Hall did not form the foundation, it ought, at least, to be one of the principal points of the new building." For high convenience, the Grecian style is, certainly, preferable; and, it should be remembered, that "the adaptation of style and form to express the purpose for which a building is intended, and to induce ideas in unison with that purpose, should always be one of the chief considerations with an architect." Mr. Barry's structure will, doubtless, be a splendid, monastic edifice; but how can it be associated with a reformed parliament?

Correggio.—Mr. Atherstone, (the poet?) lately bought for a few guineas, a Magdalen by Correggio, at the Auction Mart, where he saw it among a heap of spoiled canvases, that an amateur, (no connoisseur,) of pictures had sent to be sold. This gentleman had bought it in Italy for 100*l*., admiring its beauty, but ignorant of its value. It is in perfect preservation; in the grandest style of Correggio; and in colouring surpassing in brilliancy and depth of tone even the famous specimens in the National Gallery.—*Spectator*.

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